

But here Leon, who had been walk-ng in advance, came with much taste

"What church is that, whose spire I see in the distance over the trees?" he

Mademoiselle waited for Kate to re-

"Oh, go, my dear child. If you wish

to do so. There is no restring Leon."

Kate felt grateful to the gentleman for getting her out of what she felt was a bad scrape, for she dreaded doing anything unmaidenty, and shrank from

any act that might be construed by Ar-

any act that might be a histraed by Ar-thur Dunbar into a slight.

She wished that that inconvenient gentleman had departed from Wil-loughby farm in the merning as at first arranged, and, yet—with all her heart she was glad be had not.

CHAPTER VIII.
JOHN BARLOW REPORTS PROGRESS.
There are few hostelries of the old-

fashioned Holly-tree inn pattern left in Merry England, being displaced by great red brieft abominations, where a guest is ticketed off like some immate

when he left John Barlow's hospitable

His room was a spactous apartment,

charmingly furnished to mattene style, with a square four-gast bed whose snow-white curtains revealed in spotess purity the invender-sented sheets. Outside the windows of the apartment

was a long balcony, up whose tapering pillars woodbing and honeysuckle climbed, ladening the air with their

rich perfume—below, the river.

It was in the gloam of one evening, five days after he had lest Willoughby farm, that the young American sat in his pleasant chamber moding a eigar and thus pendering over events with the listless indifference of one at pence with the world.

Why had be taken up his habitation

was trying to unswer this question to his own satisfaction. Could it be that this blue-cycl English girl, with her

lovely face and tender drays, was chaining him to the spot? Bid he care for her more than he had at first supposed? And, if he did, after ber coldness to

him on Saturday and Sunday last, was

ne went enough to hanker after her? All
of which coundriums he was obliged
to answer in the affirmative—
Kate Grahame had become, even
in the short period of their acquaintance, very dear to him. What a fool he

was, to be sure, when there was so lit tle chance of success; he would be

this off-band manner.

ance of strangers."

"Tis ever thus that beauty despises humble worth," Danbar declared, in mock heroics; "but wait till I get a



MONSTEUB LEON D'ESTREVILLE.

see if I don't send it spinning over hertsey church steeple."

Just then a maid-servant came across

the lawn with a message for Kate.
"Ma'mselle wishes you to come it and be introduced to the new young

gentleman, miss, if you please."

Kate stood irrresolvas. She could make every excuse for the governess long habit of exacting obedience from young people, but this authorision of etiquette was very annoying to her, particularly when she felt that Arthur's brown eyes were fixed upon her either. brown eyes were fixed upon her with an

inquiring expression.
"The sultan has flung down his handkerchlef; will you not pick it up. Miss Grahamo?" Dunbar said, with a

This decided her.
"Please tell made-noiselle that we are in the middle of a game now, and that I hope she will bring her nephew out to join us," she said, with quiet de

"You've done it, Miss Grahame," Dun bar exclaimed, "for if that is not taken as a declaration of war, I am no true prophet. Well, remember that the prophet. Well, remember that the stars and stripes will flatter beside the union just if the illess of France advance before heatile hosts."

She knew there was a hidden meaning in his words, for his eyes met hers as he speke, and there was in their brawn depths a sympathy she could not fall to read. "Hush!" she answered, in a whisper.

"Here they come."
None could notice in mademoiselle's

manner as she advanced beside her nephew that chagrin was raging in her heart, for with the gayest of smiles she oried, taking Kute's white hand play-fully in hers: "As the mountain would not come to Mahomet Mahomet went to the moun-tain. Permit me, dear child, to intro-

dnee to you my nephew, M. Leon d'Es-The bow the gentleman made, as he

The bow the gentleman made, as he raised his glossy black hat, would have roused the ency of a dancing-master—as for Kellie Barlow, its aristocratic grace simply overwhelmed her.

Kate made her best curtacy, and, without giving mademoiselle a chance of second consideration, both introduced the young Frenchman to Kellie and Arthur Dunbar.

As the two men met face to face, Kate could not but mark the contrast. It was like the chance encounter of

It was like the chance encounter of two dogs—say Casar and some little toy terrier—the one careless and digni-fied the other fall of fun and grimace.

Yet, for all that, Loon d'Estreville was a very handsome young fellow, with his delicate features and large, luminous dark eyes, if he had only gone to Regent street for a tailor instead of

"Now," mademoiselle chirped, pleasantly, "you can enjoy a four-handed at this out-of-the-way place instead of game. Leon, ask Miss Grahame to be your partner, and see if you cannot be rope he had some so far to see? He your partner, and see if you cannot be a match for Miss Barlow and her young

She emphasized the "her" so as to insinuate that Mr. Dunbar must not con-sider himself as one of the parior party. I do not believe that there ever was a ame of croquet played where so much small facility was exhibited as on this occasion chiefly caused, I am sorry to say, by the reprehensible conduct of Arthur Tubuser, who would strike Leon's hall so viciously when the operations of contract the contract of the contract portunity offered and make such a disgraceful mull of his attempts to croquet Miss Grahame's, and did laugh so hilariously when the young French-

hilariously when the young Frenchman in trying is retailable crashed the
mailet down on his own shin, that
even Kafe was amioyed with him, and
Nellic could have wept for rexation.
But now the dinner bell; and Kate
Grahama had, to enders the lumiliation of seeing the party separate, without made misselle shalling the slightest
light of corolliating.

This slight of one who had done her

some takings from him. As for the

sey market. Perhaps he might grant some tidings from him. As for the such service cut the sensitive girl to the 'quick', so dreeping to the governess' aide she whispered.

Sey market. Perhaps he might grant some tidings from him. As for the Frenchman, he was not half a bad sort of fellow, but certainly not the lond of man that Kute Grythame would appreciate, who doubtless had shown him

Medicad all Compagnon was petrifield the range of the demanded,
"Kate Grahame," she demanded,
"have you taken leave of your senses? I have suffered anguish at your conduct
during the past twenty-four hour." Thave suffered angulsh at your conduct during the past twenty-four hours. To think that a (young lad, who has object the careful training that you may be a petty tradesman's son for all you have to the contrary, is enough to have to the contrary, is enough to have to the contrary, is enough to have twenty and a rare, toothesume meal it was prepared by the landhady's own hand—and when it was over, they adjourned to Arthur's own aparament.

be a petty tradesman's son for all you know to the contrary, is enough to make one's hair stand on and with how row. What do you suppose Mass Baldorstone would say to back coachet! I am sure it would nearly break her bearts.

"But he has the manners of a gentle man," Kate failtered.

"So has my half-dresser. Yet you of the brown October nice an' as foreignn, of the property of the brown October nice an' as foreignn, of the brown October nice an' as foreignn.

Thus the storm swept over the poor jail, and she could only head the flead in the papers that great the flead in the papers that great ingies in London have taken to smoking the tender suppling and let it pass by.

bring me a clay pipe an' an ounce o' Bristol bird's eye, an' mayhappen l'll blow a cloud wi'ye."

Which simple demand was at once at-

tended to:
When the maldservant had retired Arthur began the pumping process.
"How are things going on at the farmhouse?" he asked, with apparent

indifference. indifference.

The farmer's face was a picture of perplexity. He puffed forth a dozen clouds of smoke from his pipe, knitted his bushy brows, and gave a sigh that was almost a groan. "Things bean't agoing on at a' to my

satisfaction," he began. "Everything's at sixes in sevens since you was there. Such bickerings and beart-burnings I never seen sin' I began to keep house, "Mr. Dunbar leaves here on Monday, and perhaps we shall never see him again," she said, ruerfully, "and I only wished to show him some attention for the great service her rendered me."
"The great service! He pulled a puppy-dog out of the river, and you make as much fuss about it, as if he had saved your life."
"Oh, mademoiselle!"
But here Leon, who had been walkan' all out o' havin' frog-eatin' French people in one's family."
"Why, what has happened?"

"The Lord knows, for I dunnot. That pretty lass, Miss Grahame, goes about the place as though the house was a numery, with never a smile on her face, till I can't abear to see her. The French goviness is mighty sweet wi'her, but her takes it out of the rest of the family, for a more cantanker-ous old maid I never came across, surely."

"And your own wife and daughter?" "Ah! there's the screet spot of all.
My little Nell is more down in the



about with her eyes cast down an bas lost all her good looks an nat'ral peart ness. It makes my heart ache to look

"My aunt forgets that she is not in "And your good dame? Surely she is not a victim of this general melan-

"My aunt forgets that she is not in France, where they shut up young ladies in glass cases until they are old enough to be married. Let me propose a modification of her suggestion—suppose we make up a party, ourselves and our two late opponents. What do you say, Miss Grahame?"

Kate looked inquiringly at her governess. "Size's like me—nearly worn out wi'
their tantrums. I never knowed her
sich for twenty years, but her's losing
weight-every day. I tell ee,"
"Is M. d'Estreville still with you?"
"Of course he is."
"And are his spirits at yorn, too?"

"And are his spirits at zero, too?" "Not they. He crawls about the house like a tame cat, wi' a snigger an' grin on his sellow face as he goes to the women folk, one after another, an' whispers soft nothings in their ears, catched him talking to my Nell i the garden arbor on Toesday eve. an by the Lord Harry if ever I find him alone wi' her again I'll dress him down so that his own mother wouldn't know

"It is to Miss Nellie that his attentions are paid, then?" Dunbar asked, with a sellish chuckle.

with a sellish chuckle.
"No, they bean't, an' they never will be as long as her has a father to keep her out o' harm's way. I didn't know as it was safe for me to go to market to-day, but I'm at peace about that now, for I seen him in Chertsey just afore I started this evening."

"Chertacy! What was he doing there?"
"How should I know? Mayhappen
getting his bair curied."

of a splendid penitentiary; but the Naga Head, a quaint, obbtime tavern on the left bank of the Trames, chiefly frequented by artists and fishermen, retains all the charms of a last century abede for the weary travel'er. There Arthur Dunhar be took himself Thus for an hour they chatted to gether, the yeoman getting more and more despondent over his household

Suidenly a bright thought struck Arthur Dunbar. It was evident that Miss Grahame was unhappy and needed Miss Grahame was unhappy and needed a friend's sympathy. Who more proper to play the part of a consoler than himself? The difficulty was in securing an interview, for his pride would hardly permit him to face Mine. Campignon, after her ungracious manner towardshim, and he felt assured that if he were to present himself boldly at the farmhouse a tete-a-tete with the young lady would never be accorded him. Why not make a confidant of the goodnatured farmer? He would do so.

natured farmer? He would do so.
"Mr. Barlow," he began, in a hesitatdiffident way, "I am a bad hand at | hame. asking favors; but your kindness to me, a total stranger, emboldens me to be-lieve that I should not ask one of you fall flat, my compliments are wasted.

response. "I know what thee mean, so dunnot blush to thy ears in telling me." "I never thought you guessed—"

"Of course thee didn't. Poor chap, so many miles away from his kith an kin! Mayhap thee hast a mother?" Quite mystifled by the farmer's singu-lar remarks, Arthur replied: "Yes,

have a mother. "An' love her dearly? Aye, I thought so. Mayhap, too, thy father to dead?" "Yes, he died when I was a boy."

"I guessed as much. Now beatker hal. It wasn't always as me an' Saral had only one chick to comfort us. Years ago we had a little boy, but He who gave tools him away from us. Poor little chap, he fell from a tree an' broke God's-nere of Sunbury church. Now see here, that little had might a grower see here, that little had might a growed to be a man like you—might a fewled to foreign parts like you—might a fell into difficulties like you—well, if he had, an' your good father had been alive, do you think be'd a given him a "I am sure of it. He was a generous

"An' that's just what I'm a going to bush, but just open thy mouth wide an

y how much?" As Barlow spoke he drew from hi breeches pecket a long leathern bag and began to famble with a roll of notes and gold. "I sold a stack of wheat to-day," he added, "so thee needn't be afeard to speak out."

Arthur grasped the yeoman's hand. "My dear kind friend," he said. "yo mistake my need. I am not in want of money; in fact I have more of it than I have occasion for; but I shall never forget your open-hearted kind-

devil dost thee want?" John I burst forth in a maze of surprise. "I want to secure an interview wift, MissGrahame when your Prench friends

was walk was a long low whileth

'Can it be done?" Arthur demanded. Poor Mr. Barlow was at a loss how to answer. He had an honest liking for the man who made the request. Kate Gra-hame was a particular favorite of his and it would afford him the highest satisfaction to circumvent mademoiselle and her obnoxious nephew, but—and the "but" was very prominent in his mind— was it fair to Miss Balderstone?

"You hesitate," Arthur said, his brow elouding.
"I doan't quite see my way, young

"And you refuse?" "No. I don't, but I'm going to ale it. You walk out to-morrow men

ing down the lane by the big cow-pas-ture, an may-bappen I'll meet thee, or, some one else may chance to walk that With this comforting assurance, Mr. Barlow took his departure, and Arthur was left once more to his solitary medi-

It was a beautiful night, the moon thone on the placid waters of sleepy stream, and, tempted by sleepy stream, and, tempted by the fair scene, he carried his chair on to the salcony, that he might sit and revel in

balcony, that he might at an arriver in the lovely landscape.

He was lost in thought. The past, the present and the future tripped like figures in a dream through his brain. Suddenly, he became alive to the fact that others besides himself were enjoying the peaceful prospect. On the wooden bench of the porch beneath There were two voices; one n deep case, the other pitched in a higher key-surely the voluble tones of Leon of Estreville. By degrees they were less granded in their remarks, and he less guarded in their remarks, and be could not but hear their conversation. He would have given some sign to in-dicate his presence, but the mention of

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

his own name made him besitate to do

Without any great effort on Arthur Dunbar's part, he was enabled to eatch a glimpse of the speakers, for the seats of the porch projected beyond its confines, and the figures were sitting in the broad glare of the mounlight.

One was undoubtedly Leon d'Estre-

ville, the other, a dark, swarthy, for-eign-looking man about forty years of eign-tooking man about torty years of age. They were conversing in the French language, with the usual reck-lessness of persons speaking their own tongue in a foreign country, but were reckening without their lesst, for Arthur Dunbar understood every word they

And you think the young Americ In your road? Well, we must get rid of him," the older man one saying.
"Get rid of him, uncle! You speak like the villain in a cleap novel. No, no! Lurking and hidnaping are things

no! Lurking and hidnaping are things of the past, and I do not suppose you wish to try your hand at murder." "Bah, no! But surely you and I have breins enough to allure him away.



UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

You are quite positive that he is still in the neighborhood?"
"Certain. One of the laborers told me yesterday that be saw him that morning in a shiff out on the river."

"It is very aggravating certainly; but how did Miss Grahame get to know that he had not gone away?"
"Why, she was with me when the stupid fellow blurted it out."

"I can't for the life of me think why, with your opportunities, you have failed to win her affection. You have had

better chances than the Yankee."
"Yes, but you don't know Kate Gramy attentions are despised. "You are right, lad," was the hearty poetry to her, she yawns; if I am hu morous, she weeps; if I am sentimental, she smiles. What can one do with such a giri? I confess that I would a thousand times rather pay my addresses the pretty little rustic, the daughter

ie house."
"Ah, you have been fool enough to do

"Unele, I assure you "See here, Leon Johard, I know your shullow character too well to trust you. Imsecule that you are, do you suppose to a farmer's daughter? When I told her that Sir Harry Grahame was ye licing, and that his girl, kate, would after all be a great hoiress, and she sug-gested that you should capture the prize, I gave an anwilling consent to the proposition. Now, young man, if I have any influence with your aunt, you shall pask off back to your place be-hind the shop-counter which you never ought to have left."
Testel my uncle, there is no reason-

"Posts! my uncle, there is no reason-ing with you the girl is adamant, I tell Moreover, I was not the first in the field. This American—"
"Prinav! we will arrange that mat-

ter, if you think there is a chance for on. What so easy as to-tonneres! ave an idea—an inspiration—wha sort of a person is this Dunbar?

"Oh, a great, strong, hulking—"
"I mean us to his disposition. Is he
me who is likely to be alive to his own interests, or some soft fellow over-burdened with an exacting conscience?" "I cannot see what you are driving at, but I should imagine that he is not

at, but I should imagine to over well off, and probably not in over well off, and probably not in with scruples. It would a Yankee who was not open to a smart heard around the world.

Happy and content is a home with "The Ro-hener; a lamp with the light of the morning.

TO BE CONTINUED !

IMPURITIES IN WATER. Water Will Soon Become Foul If Not Aerated and Filtered.

Not Aerated and Filtered.

All natural waters contain mineral salts, some of which may be deleterious to health, says the Engineering Magazine, but the most injurious foreign substances found in ordinary drinking water are decaying organic matter and sometimes infectious micro-organisms.

All water that is used for domestic purchased the same acres and sometimes or the same period atmospherical states. poses has been at some period atmos-pheric vapor, and as it fell in rains carpheric vapor, and as it fell in rains car-ried with it the impurities from the air. These impurities are gases that arise from combustion, fermentation and de-cay, and particles of dust and decom-posing organic matter. Bacteria are also removed from the air in great numbers, nearly all of which are in the state of spores instead of adults. The spores of the fungi and other micro-scopic plants and pollen of flowers and grasses are also found in rain water. So numerous are these impurities in the So numerous are these impurities in the air that a litre of water which falls at the beginning of a storm often contains more than two hundred thousand micromore than two hundred thousand micro-organisms. Half a pint of water fre-quently condenses out of three or four thousand cubic feet of air and in its condensation removes nearly all of the amospheric impurities, concentrat-ing them in the water. So that drink-ing a glass of rain water that falls at the beginning of a storm we may awallow as much filth as we breathe from the air in more than a week. If rain water is stored in cisterns without purification these substances as on render purification these substances soon render it so foul that it cannot be used for drink-ing. But when rain is collected near the end of storms and is properly filtered and scrated it is one of our most wholesome natural water sup-plies. As rain falls upon the earth it washes away the accumulations of debris from the surface of the ground, and as it passes into the soil extracts from it a large amount of impurities. such as the products of decaying vege tation and animal excrement. These substances are carried down into the circulation currents, and it is not infrequent that the drainage from cesspools and outhouses also finds a direct en-trance into surface wells.

The recent war talk has revived some stories of the prowess on the sea of old-time down east Yankees. It is related, says the New York Sun, that Capt. says the New York Sun, that Capt.
John Dix, a famous shipmaster of Port-land, was in a West Indian port once where a British man-of-war was blaz ing away at a target. The British gun ners were mable to come anywhere near the target, and after watching their blundering for some time Capt. Dix loaded an old ship's gun which he carried, using a climk of iron for a shot. He fired, and when the smoke cleared ways the target was a week. cleared away the target was a wreck Immediately a boat from the man-of-war came alongside, and an officer in full uniform came over the rail, demanding an explanation of the Yan-kee's performance. Capt. Dix assured the officer that no disrespect was inthe oneer that he only wanted to give the Britishers a lesson in gunnery, and he offered to furnish another hogshead for them to practice on. After scolling a little the officer burst into a laugh at

the absurdity of the situation, and went back to his ship. The captain of a Yankee privateer, sailing from a Maine port in 1812, mistook an English Maine port in 1812, mistook an English seventy-four for an East Indiaman, raa alongside and ordered her to strike her colors. The seventy-four's ports flew open, her broadside was run out, and the captain replied: "I am not in the habit of hauling down my colors." "Well, if you won't, I will," answered the Yankee, who lost his vessel but not his head.

Hondaras' Orster Groves.

Honduras' Opater Groves.

Tourists among the islands that skirt the const of Honduras tell wonderful tales of the oyster groves of that country and dwell on the delicney of the oysters that grow on trees. These cysters, however, are not regetable oysters. Mangrove trees grow in either fresh or salt water swamps and even in water five or six inches deep. The limbs of the mangrove are drooping like those of the weeping willow. In case they do not reach the water the atcase they do not reach the water the at-traction of the moisture below causes shoots to put out which often extend far beneath the surface: thus a thicket trunks, shoots and roots. On limbs and shoots, deep under the sur face of the water, large bunches of oys ters cling, thus forming the far-famed "Oyster Groves of Honduras."

No Dress Reform in Turkey The cause of dress reform has re-ceived a serious blow in Turkey. The women of that country have sighed for the "dress of the west;" they have even envied the "figure" of their French sisters. But Abdul Hamid, who eems to be a sumptuary dictator, ob ects to the introduction of foreign ashions. He approves of the national dress for these reasons: It is more pie turesque; it is more patriotic, and the western costume is against the pre-cepts of the Turkish religion. He therefore requests the police of Constantino ple to report to the authorities any wearers of wn-Turkish dress, and he denounces the introduction of foreign fashions. Nor will be entertain any scheme of reciprocity, such as trousers for corsets, or veils for Parisian novel-

Geologically, the sheep is not more ancient than man. These animals and or edible fruits and our ever-le existence on the earth about the same time. It is maintained by some, and by others, that the floothe sheep into Britain. cording to Eumenes, Britain had sheep of excellent fleece in Constantine's tim

Wire Finer Than a Halr. ent improvements in wire draw ing have made it possible to draw plat-inum and silver into wire that is finer than human hair.

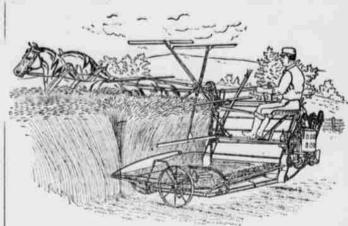
As a vocalist the nightingale pronounced success. It is said that were an elophant equally gifted in the matter of voice in proportion to his size he could make himself distinctly

A NOVEL industry has been established in Waldo county, Me., It being the rearing and sale of coon cats. It is in the trade is being done.

Shockey&Co.

Are nicely in [their new quarters in the brick buildings opposite the Union Pacific Hotel, with the largest and best stock of

Finest and best grades of Buggies, Light Wagons and Carts. In fact the best line of Implements that can be found in the state.



The celebrated Champion Binders and Mowers, the strongest and best made machine on the market.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR Stories of the Frowest of Old-Time Frick & Co.'s Engines and Geiser Engines, Steam Plows and Threshers

for the states of Kansas and Missouri,

We are not dependent on the Hardware and Implement trade to pay all profits, therefore we can and will sell Farm Implements and Hardware cheaper than any house in Kansas. Examine our goods and get our prices and you will be convinced that Shockey & Co.'s is the place to get your farming goods. Remember we are the firm who buy goods cheap, and will sell the same cheap. A new and complete stock of garden and field Seeds which we will sell cheap. See us we will save you dollars.

An Anxious Night Passed in Watching and Ously.
"It's gone!" cried Jess. "The white

One of the best stories in Mr. Barrie's delightful Scotch book, "A Window in Thrums," is entitled "Waiting for the Doctor." Jess, the mother of the family, a cripple who had not been out of the house, and seldom out of the room, for twenty years, had gone early to left. Hendry was still on Jess' armetest, and the door of her bedroom in the chair, trembling like a man with the palsy. Ten minutes afterward I was rest, and the door of her bedroom in the hitchen was nulled to. All at once she called: "Leeby!" Leeby was the daugh-ter. She answered "Aye," and Hendry, the father, opened the door of the bed-room. "Yer mother's no weel," he said to Leeby. Leeby ran to the bed.

In another two minutes we were a group of four in the kitchen, staring vacantly. Death could not have startled us more, tapping thrice that quiet night on the window-pane.

"It's diphtheria!" said Jess, her hands trembling as she buttoned her wrapper.

wrapper.

he might be expected in an hour. He was away among the hills.

Hendry wandered between the two rooms, always in the way when Leeby ran to the window to see if that was the doctor at last. Finally he sat down to the kitchen fire, a libble in his hand. the doctor at last. Finally he sattown the china, he said: "This dish cost me by the kitchen fire, a libble in his hand. It lay open on his inner, but he did not read much. He sat there with his plum end next to himself.

'Is it possible," said the mate, taking fore him. I believe he saw Jess young again.

'I said the mate, taking up the dish; "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling." And

I sat alone at my attic window for as if in perfect innocence, he put down ours waiting for the doctor. About the dish with the plums next to himhours waiting for the doctor. About the d midnight Hendry climbed the stairs and self. joined me. His hand was shaking as fie. Th joined me. His hand pulled back the blind.

"She's waur." he whispered, like one who had lost his voice.

His eyes were glazed with staring at "Nine-and-thirty years come June,"

he said, speaking to himself.

For this length of time, I knew, he and

Jess had been married. He repeated one of his reporters, "do you drink?" the words at intervals.

"I mind —" he began, and stopped. He was thinking of the springtime of

The night ended as we watched; then came the terrible moment that precedes the day—the moment known to shud-

knees to pray.

There was a quick step outside. I

was there to show him in. The door of the room closed on him

into the dark passage, and make out firmative and spoke "The Boy Stood on Hendry shaking at the door. I could the Burning Deck" to the indust and hear are doored where the got the party that the party

LOOKING FOR THE DOCTOR, words he said. There was a pateful

palsy. Ten minutes afterward I was preparing for bed, when he cried up the stair: "Come awa' doon!"

I joined the family party in the room. Hendry was sitting close to Jesa. "Let us read," he said, firmly, "in the fourteenth of John." — Youth's

THE CAPTAIN'S PUDDING. How the Master Contrived to Get All the Plums.

The following story is told of a sea She looked at me, and Leeby looked captain and his mate. Whenever there "it's not it's not" cried Leeby, and tain's orders all the plums were put her voice was as a fist shaken at my into one end of it, and that end placed face. She blamed me for hesitating in next to the captain, who, after helping was a plum pudding made by the car my reply.

Jess had discovered a white spot on her throat. I knew the symptoms
Leeby ran off for the doctor, and after a time returned panting to say that he might be expected in an hour. He

show the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. After this game had been played for some time the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next the captain.

The captain looked at the mate: the mate looked at the captain.

The captain laughed; the mate

laughed the turn of the bras where the doctor must first come in sight. I put my we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise hand on his shoulder, and he stared at me. "I'll tell you what, young ene," said

"Mr. Collum," said the city editor to

"No, sir. "No, sir."
"I wish you would acquire the liquor habit, for I want you to make a personal test of one of the new species of drunkenness and write it up in good style."—Judge.

the world seems cold in death.

"This is a fearsome night," Hendry said, hoursely.

He turned to grope his way to the stairs, but suddenly went down on his knees to pray.

There was a guick.

circuit court at West Point, Miss. A ose in time to see the doctor on the negro boy being tried for stealing two se. He tried the latch, but Leeby pairs of trousers and having no lawyer, as there to show him in. The door of the judge asked him if he desired to he room closed on him.

From the top of the stair I could see
to the dark passage, and make out